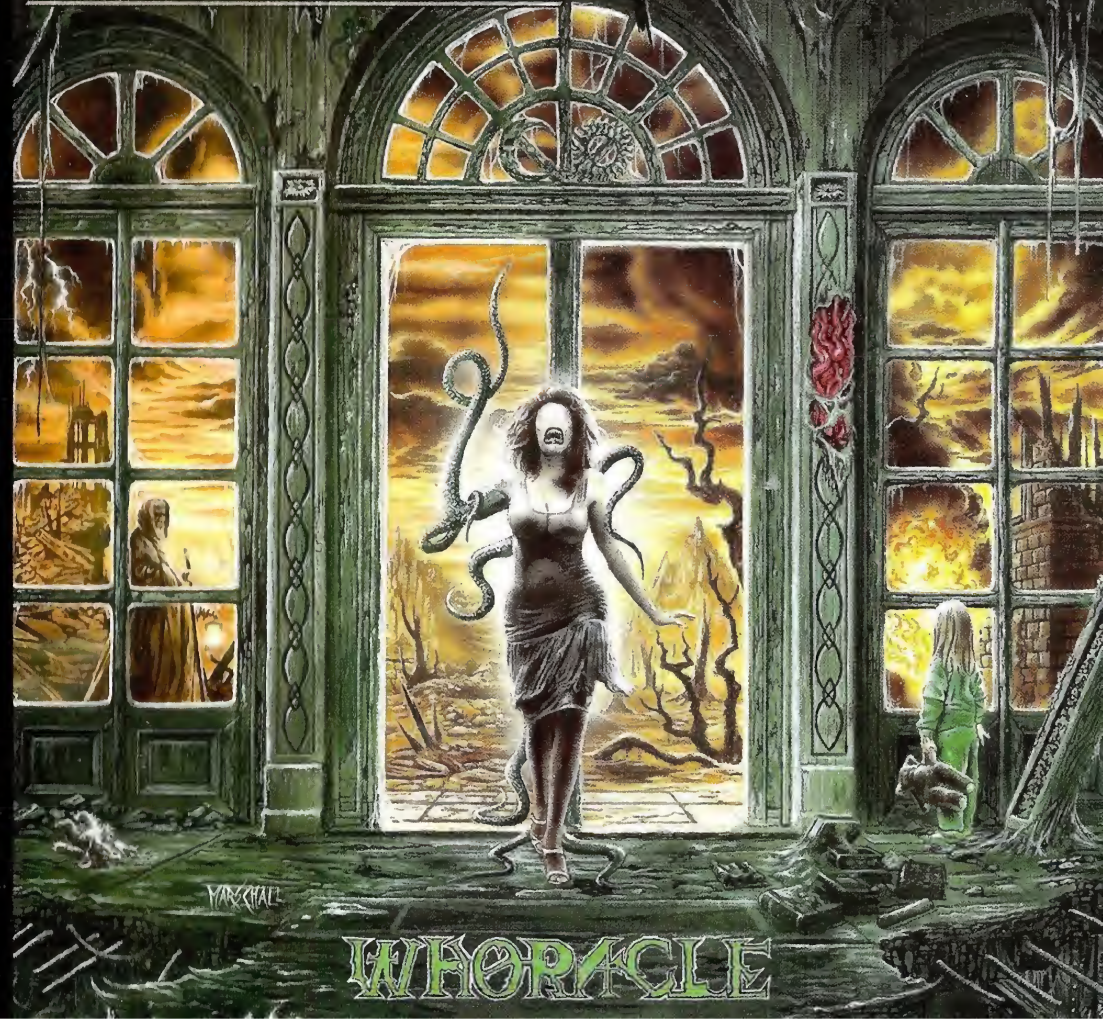


01. Jotun · 02. Food For The Gods
03. Gyroscope · 04. Dialogue With The Stars
05. The Hive · 06. Jester Script Transfigured
07. Morphing Into Primal · 08. Worlds Within The Margin
09. Episode 666 · 10. Everything Counts · 11. Whoracle
12. Jotun - live · 13. Food For The Gods - live



IN FLAMES





BJÖRN GELOTTE – DRUMS, PERCUSSION, LEAD AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR
GLENN LJUNGSTRÖM – RHYTHM GUITAR · JOHAN LARSSON – BASS GUITAR
JESPER STRÖMBLAD – LEAD AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS, PERCUSSION
ANDERS FRIDÉN – VOCALS, PERCUSSION

Jotun - Live

Taken from Live AT Sticky Fingers / Used & Abused In Live We Trust

Food For The Gods - Live

Taken from Live AT Sticky Fingers / Used & Abused In Live We Trust

Anders Fridén - Vocals, percussion

Jesper Strömblad - Lead and acoustic guitar, keyboards, percussion

Glenn Ljungström - Rhythm guitar

Johan Larsson - Bass guitar

Björn Gelotte - Drums, percussion, lead and acoustic guitar

Recorded and produced at Studio Fredman Spring 1997 by Fredrik Nordström
with assistance from In Flames

Engineered by Anders Fridén and Fredrik Nordström

Mixed by Fredrik Nordström and Anders Fridén

Mastered by Göran Finnberg and Fredrik Nordström at the Mastering Room, Gbg.

Additional mastering by Dragan at Bohus Mastering

Female vocals on "Whoracle" by Ulrika Netterdahl

Cover artwork by Andreas Marschall

Band photos by Kenneth Johansson useng Hasselblad equipment

All music composed and arranged, all lyrics by In Flames

except "Everything Counts" by Martin Lee Gore

All songs are published by Prophecies Publishing, Hamburg Ger.
except "Everything Counts" published by Grabbing Hands Music Ltd.
sub-published by EMI Music Ger.

www.inflames.com

Jotun

I often dream of huge numb buildings
jet-black sinister architecture
being installed when nobody sees
Their appearance so sudden
that few would take notice

And when I wake up
I imagine being crushed by one
imagining its weight its silence
and the absence of excuses
for a havoced life
and the privilege of a 22-kilometre
tombstone

Jotun

A body of black
that carried no reflection
defying its own room
un-earthly eggs of decreation

There would be colonies
mushroom-scattered forever out of context
rising spores from a dying world
to pollute to chase away what's left

Sun-white pulverised desert stone
and serpentine lizard mouths
Pales away the pyramids
rewriting 4500 years of history
raping the statue of liberty
outplays the acropolis
inverting the fjords
invades the n y skyline to
dream its own existence in one single final
word

Jotun

Can we identify them
as the flint buried in our reptile skulls
or the time-bomb coded in our dna

Food For The Gods

Shame marries the guilt
introduces itself to the
concept of total loneliness
Sensations repressed
make friends with
Suicidia, and
and here the leeches begin to
suck away the lust for life

Thus

Escape takes lead
into a world unknown uncontrolled by all
where borders are erased and potential
infinite

Chosen cells, glands and transmitters
blast the body with joy
Astral feet running
up to dimensions covered with gold
stairs of glowing electroplasma
safir onyx and buzzing vibrations
A dead men's banquet
food for the gods

There's only 1 real world
our earth is but a shadow
Created from a child's heart, a living jewel
from now on abode for a soul in its setting

Now

Cutting the bloodline
re-tie the bleeding roots
to heavenly ship of glass
and let it drift in passive arrogance
in a one-word dialogue with the stars

Gyroscope

Geology is digging through my brain
a manta engulfing the world
to throw it up once again
to a guild of lifted daggers

Neo-wolf, but older again
than the Lupus itself
linked its fur to the gyroscope of time
a collection of failures

A diabolical sequence of stabs
written in cunning stones
from the fossilised den of thieves
our lives die

I see the nursing all-mother
spitting out a trail of termites
in the mouth of her first-born hope
breasts ripe with smog-filled rebellion
Apathy dressed in violence

white insectoid legs
curse her lips and the mouth
receptive only to pain

Dialouge With The Stars

The Hive

April night-tyme
And we run like mussels through the
stagnant nodes of man
Blood-bridges lean towards the gaping
synapses
to disarm the stars within us

Hornet Hive-dark
Severed wings in vainless beating
buzz out from an inferno of fangs
to disarm the stars within us

We should have been
so much more by now
Too dead inside
to even know the guilt

Waning Ring-deep
a halo of thorns
Sips now down in sheets of sharp silver
to disarm the stars within us

Jester Script Transfigured

Cre-age-aeon
new beginnings held in infinite vacuum
Biotronic test-worlds free of inscription
devoid of the echoes of man
noble cyborg savage

In cold ceremonial perfection
more radiant than the sum of suns
with each and every attribute
of animal, machine and man

Dystopia Electro-Heart
the grotesque and the linear
took one final giant blow
into the Ram of what is us

Installing awaiting the restoration of
unsequenced chaos

We've only seen the outlines of the
beginning
and this core, the slowly moving raptor
will make the very notion of Hell
seem celestial in comparison

Morphing Into Primal

Detonation
fireworks and alchemy
Genes spliced and triggered
into the future
and her organic save
Seismorgasmic omnipotence
scenes of magma in my eyes
Eruption stones my system

I owe this to the animal inside
and the stiffness that blocks out the
daylight
Morphing into primal

I'll cover every particle
from there to Andromeda
not forgetting a single location
from the throat of the Jbis
to the co-ordinates of Matterhorn

My shot is genesis and catharsis
Penetratonaut in a cosmology of lusts

Suck this subterranean creature out
and show it proudly to the house of heaven
With one slight wave of my hand
stars dissolve

Dissolve my brain
Block my lungs
I'll die from fever tomorrow
when locked in such a perfected "now"

Worlds Within The Margin

Raindrop hits the leaf, changing its position
slightly on the street
next to pools of monotonous water He
walks, Slipping feet from steps at random
He falls

In the space between his body
and the ground
comets cast of their names,
stellar neurones misfire

Witnesses inhale the seed
and spit out a million branches

Buds abloom in all directions
from which events occur
relations and virused meetings
catch fire and explode
In the margin of butterfly wings
entire cycles of evolution
outplayed and faded
sparked and leaned back into
vacuum-filled nirvana

Between the two of my eyes
feverish fractals soar
dance like were they on drugs
peyote labyrinths re-mapped exits
A hasty blink
and a million life-to-comes
will never be the same
as they never were
In the kinetic energy of a moving fist
lies a birth-machine for a parallel universe
With the first movement in the organic soap

came a bouquet of alternative answers
all different multiplied and re-devised

Coded in the spinal cord of a trilobite
written between the legs on the
Meganeura
suburban city maps and dormant dictator
semen
marked their way trough time

Episode 666

Welcome here, the squirrel-wheel begins
fasten the left hand belts
Remember not to think too much
and your trip will be numbingly pleasant

Non-caring is the easiest way
but to secure a passage to the 2nd plane
you have to complete level one
Their dead-smile lips turn on their TV
while urban gravestones scrape the skies
Rising over marionette cities and
marionette skies

This is episode 666
destination chaos
Each and all an actor blind

Everything Counts

Whoracle